

...ford New Cemetery.
...are respectfully informed that the new
...face, called
...ING GROVE CEMETERY,
...for the selection of lots. Apply to
...HEN PAGE & SONS, No. 19 and 21
...at. 20
...ES' CLOAKS—READY MADE—
...EST PARIS PATTERNS.

W. S. Thomson
FULLY announces to the Ladies of
...and vicinity, that he is extensively
...manufacture and sale of Ladies' Wear,
...tallies, of the most fashionable styles,
...CIRC SATIN, and THIBET MERINO,
...Blue, Modes, Olive, Drab, Stone Drab,
...Blue, Green, Dahlia Maroon, Brown and
...LIND SACKS and MANTILLAS.
...ALSO
...SEWING SILK and JENNY LIND
...FRINGES,
...shades of Merinos—also, Marcelline Silks,
...e—and every thing required in a
...LAKES and CLOAK TRIMMINGS
...made to order, after any pattern, or
...trimming, at the shortest notice.
...HOMSON'S DRY GOODS STORE,
...255 Main st.—opposite the 4th church.
...Nov. 3, 1848. 6w35

Yor's Sacred Minstrel.
...enters are agents for the popular Church
...Book, and are prepared to supply Churches,
...Music Teachers at the lowest wholesale
...also keep on hand a full assortment of
...also books, including all the recent and pop-
...also agents for Johnson's Young Minstrel,
...and White Taylor's Locket and a grand
...Juvenile Music Books and works on Mu-
...popular pieces of Sheet Music kept constantly
...and current supply on liberal terms.
...BROCKETT, FULLER & CO.,
...219 Main st.

FORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
...th side State House Square, between U. S.
...Hotel and Eagle Hotel.

...stitution is the oldest of the kind in the
...have been established more than 30 years,
...operated with a capital of \$150,000, which is
...and secured in the best possible manner: It
...the Public Buildings, Churches, Dwellings, Stores,
...factories, Furniture, Books, and personal property
...from loss or damage by Fire, on the most
...and satisfactory terms.

...company will adjust and pay all its losses with
...and promptitude, and the undersigned are re-
...a defence and patronage of the public.
...wishing to insure their property, who reside
...in the United States, where this company
...governs, may say directly to the Secretary,
...proposals shall receive immediate attention.
...following gentlemen are Directors of the Com-
...pany.

...zekiah Huntington, Albert Day,
...John S. Morgan, James Goodwin,
...Charles Bowditch, Henry Kenney,
...Ivin Day, Daniel Buck, Jr.,
...ELIPHALET TERRY, President,
...G. BOLLER, Secretary.

DENTISTRY.
...M PRESTON, Surgeon Dentist, over 12 State
...ent, performs all operations in his professional
...a style not to be surpassed, and for which
...is generally called for work of equal value.
...regularly invited attention to his mode of PLUG-
...DENTISTRY. It is well known that the dental
...that, for every form of the number who fill
...the MASTERS of this most important branch of
...ness, which requires more skill than all the
...surgeons and dentists put together. Those
...ever a man can tell the truth in an advertise-
...respectfully solicited to give him one TRIAL.
...Advice without charge. 13w27

Monuments.
...S G. BATTERSON, Marble Manufacturer,
...ford and Litchfield, Conn., would respectfully
...to the citizens of Hartford, and the public
...y, that he has opened an establishment at 223
...et, (directly opposite Union Hotel) where he
...the manufacture at the lowest possible prices, all kinds
...EMENTS and GRAVE STONES, of the best
...and Foreign Marble.
...Tables, Chimney Pieces, Mantles, Centre
...Bureau, and Counter Tops, of Egyptian,
...or any other kind of Foreign Marble, and public
...preferred, executed at short notice, and in a
...style of workmanship.
...persons in want of any kind of work in the Mar-
...ble are respectfully requested to call and examine
...and workmanship before purchasing elsewhere.
...Monuments delivered to any yard in the city free
...of charge. 51

Blakeman's Pectoral Mixture.
...RR OF ANTHINA, COUGHS, LUNG AND
...LIVER AFFECTION.

...WONDER AND BLESSING OF THE AGE.
...medicine continues its onward course, healing
...curing on every hand. Men, Women, and
...are equally benefited. No Family ought to
...it. For sale by J. K. SOUTHMAYD.

READ THIS.
...Persons that have been confined to their
...beds and months, had apparently gone into
...cunpation, have been restored to health by the
...r. Blakeman's Pectoral Mixture.

D. R. Woodford & Co.,
...HENS, BOOKSELLERS, BINDERS AND STA-
...TIONERS.

...WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
...NO. 170 MAIN STREET,
...Directly West of the State House,
...HARTFORD, CONN.

...AND STATIONERY AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
...W. & Co. have on hand a full assortment of
...theological, Classical, Medical, School and Mis-
...sionary Books, Labors, discount made to Merchants,
...ers, and Teachers. The public are invited to
...p. a. woodford,
...Books made to order. Old Books and Pam-
...phlets in a neat and substantial manner.
...r. a. woodford, Binder,
...Agents for Dr. Spear's Medicine. 410

...TION INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND
...MARINE.

TAL \$200,000. Office No. 8 Exchange Build-
...ing, North of the State House, Hartford, will take
...Marine risks on terms as favorable as other
...ties. Office open for the transaction of business
...during the day and evening.
...Following gentlemen compose the Board of Di-
...rectors of the Company are—
...Daniel W. Clark, Wm. A. Ward,
...John W. Ellsworth, John Warburton,
...Charles H. Northam, Eliza Peck,
...Wm. Kellogg, Thomas Belknap,
...Emuel Humphrey, A. G. Hazard,
...Benjamin W. Greene, E. G. Howe,
...Silas Threlkeld, Elery Hills.

DANIEL W. CLARK, President
...LILIAN CORNER, Secretary,
...ford, Jan. 1847.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
...INCORPORATED in 1819, for the purpose of insur-
...ing against loss and damage by Fire only. Capital
...secured and vested in the best possible man-
...ner to take risks on terms as favorable as other
...ties. The business of the Company is principally
...to risk in the country, and therefore so de-
...that its capital is not exposed to great losses by
...fires. The Office of the Company is kept in
...new Building, next west of Dr. Spear's Exchange
...House, Lehigh street, where constant attendance
...for the accommodation of the public.
...Directors of the Company are—
...Thomas C. Brace, Robert Buell,
...Samuel Taylor, John Warburton,
...Joseph Pratt, Eliza Peck,
...James Thomas, John L. Bevelwell,
...Vard Woodbridge, E. A. Hazard,
...Joseph B. Hamilton, E. G. Howe,
...Silas B. Hamilton, Roland Mather,
...Frederick Tyler, Edwin G. Ripley.

THOMAS C. BRACE, President
...L. Loomis, Secretary.
...The Atna Company has Agents in most of the
...in the State, with whom insurance can be ef-

Christian Secretary.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BURR & SMITH.

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HARTFORD, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1848.

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Christian Secretary.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE OF-
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at Two Dollars per annum.
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All communications intended for the paper should
be addressed to BURR & SMITH, post paid.

For the Christian Secretary.

Christ and our Identity in Salvation.

Could Christ bestow upon us the Divine
nature without suffering? no, not accord-
ing to the course of nature. Every con-
nection that is formed, requires a fellow-
ship; and Christ, the husband of the
church, not being under the law, must
needs come under it, and not being in debt
thereto, must assume our debt in order to
afford a Divine relationship. But his tak-
ing part of flesh and blood under the law,
does not come down to a fellowship in sin;
yet his voice reaches the sinner, dead in
trespasses and sins: "and they that hear
shall live." Here is my story: "Great is
the mystery of godliness." A happy union
is formed by bringing dead sinners to
life, or creating them anew in Christ Jesus
unto good works."

Now, what becomes of our identity?
Our lives are hid with Christ in God. The
finally impenitent retains his consciousness
of personal character unabated in the world
to come; but the Christian, no doubt, will
be identified in proportion to his Christian
walk in the present life. Does not this
show the reason why one star differeth
from another in glory? and why there will
be different capacities for enjoyment?—
The death-bed convert (if any such there
are) will have a small capacity for enjoy-
ment, because the sinful portion of life is
not identified in heaven, and their life of
sin must lose its consciousness. "Their
sins are removed from them as far as the
east is from the west." The sanctified
spirit may recollect, as really personal, all
his Christian experience in the present
life; such as fellowship, benevolent pur-
poses, and especially his dangers and strug-
gles with the old man of sin, which will ap-
pear with a glowing consciousness of God's
matchless love and goodness in giving him
victory. That any in heaven will experi-
ence sorrow for neglect of duties, is incon-
sistent; for every cup, both small and
great, will be full.

Finally, if it be true that our capacities
for enjoyment increase with the intensity of
Christian zeal, what a motive to be faith-
ful! "For we must all appear before the
judgment seat of Christ; that every one
may receive the things done in his body,
according to that he hath done, whether it
be good or bad." A. C.

From the Western Christian.

The Missionary Movement a Subject of Prophecy.

The great missionary movement now in
progress, it is believed, is but the realiza-
tion of certain definite predictions. We
coincide in the opinion, so often expressed,
that the angel having the everlasting gos-
pel to preach, has commenced his flight in
the midst of heaven; that the time has come
of which it was said, many shall run to and
fro, and knowledge shall be increased; and
that the consummation draws near, when
the gospel of the kingdom shall have been
preached in all the world, for a witness to
all nations.

From a slight examination of these
prophecies in their connection, it will be
obvious, we think, that the time as well as
the character of the missionary movement
which they contemplate, was distinctly
marked. It was not to be expected that
such a movement would take place, until
the long night of papal domination and
persecution should be past, and until the papal
power itself should have reached the eve of
its annihilation. Thus, the flight and pro-
clamation of the angel-preacher is immedi-
ately succeeded by the announcement of the
overthrow of Rome. "Babylon is fallen,
is fallen, that great city, because she
made all nations drink of the wine of the
wrath of her fornication;" because in other
words she made war with the saints in
all nations, persecuting the faithful disciples
of Jesus, wherever they were found, during
a period, as elsewhere shown, of twelve
hundred and sixty years. Our Lord speaks
of this period as one in which his disciples
should be delivered up to be afflicted and
killed, and should be hated of all nations
for his name's sake. A similar description
is given by Daniel. Having noticed the
establishment of the papacy, he gives us to
understand that every attempt of the faith-
ful servants of Christ to disseminate his
pure and uncorrupted gospel, would en-
counter the strenuous opposition of that
abominable power which maketh desolate;
and that they themselves would be subject-
ed to its persecuting rage,—until the com-
ing of the appointed time when its domi-
nation should be taken away, to consume and

to destroy it unto the end. Then only should
the gospel of the kingdom be preached
without effectual obstruction.

These predictions have been literally
fulfilled. From the early development of
the papal corruption and apostasy until
near the close of the last century, the na-
tions were compelled to drink the bitter
cup which that adulterous union of the ec-
clesiastical and civil authority had prepared
for them. During this period, the evan-
gelistic labors of Christ's faithful servants
were limited and feeble. They were per-
formed in comparative obscurity, and often
at the peril of life. There was no such
general, conspicuous, and successful mis-
sionary movement as seems to be implied
in the figure of an angel flying in the midst
of heaven, in open view of all, and with the
avowed purpose of preaching the gospel to
every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and
people. Such an understood and instructed
many in the true Christian doctrine, were
hated, betrayed, and delivered up to be af-
flicted and killed. Occasionally, indeed,
as in Luther's days, they were cheered with
a beam of hope—with "a little help"—but
many of their pretended friends proved
treacherous, and they continued to fall,
precisely as the prophet said they would,
by sword and by flame, by captivity and by
spoil, many days.

But now, the persecuting power at whose
hands they suffered, is deprived of the do-
minion which it exercised over the nations.
The missionary spirit, so long repressed,
has been rekindled, and is again operating
in something like its primitive energy.—
Hundreds of evangelists are running to and
fro, traversing the world in every direction,
penetrating the remotest climes, and as-
sailing error in its strongest holds. The
Bible is translated; copies of the sacred
volume are rapidly multiplied and widely
distributed; and thus knowledge is in-
creased. In every quarter of the globe
the standard of the cross is erected; so that
it may be said, in a general sense, that
the gospel of the kingdom is even now pre-
ached in all the world for a testimony to all
nations.

And all this belongs peculiarly to the
present age. It was not so before. Noth-
ing of the kind had been seen, since the
day when it was first given to the beast to
make war with the saints, and to overcome
them,—until within the memory of some
now living. The missionary work had in-
deed been prosecuted to a limited extent
for many years; but until the last half cen-
tury, the movement had not become gen-
eral. We of the present generation have
seen it assuming the aspect of grandeur and
sublimity which it now bears.

The missionary movement, so far as it
is conducted on rigorous principles, is then
of God. It is but the realization of the
visions of his prophets, and the promises of
his Son. It is but the accomplishment of
his revealed purposes, and should engage
the cheerful co-operation, in his appointed
way, of all who would be workers to-
gether with him, and who would share in the
rewards of that day when "the wise shall
shine as the brightness of the firmament,
and they that turn many to righteousness
as the stars for ever and ever."

Compassion in the Ministry.

One of the most striking traits in the
character of our Saviour, is his compas-
sion towards the guilty and the suffering.
He beheld Jerusalem, the devoted city,
and wept over it in deep and inimitable
compassion. A feeling of deep compas-
sion for sinners, or the absence of it, adds
or detracts much from the power of the
ministry.

A lady suffering under one of the most
severe diseases which affect our nature,
was urged to see a practitioner of the first
eminence. His opinion was all that could
be desired. He saw through the case,
and could afford her essential relief; but
she could never be persuaded to see him a
second time; she had rather languish on
beneath excruciating pain. And why?—
Just because he showed an utter insensibil-
ity to her sufferings. The spirit of our
ministry must be compassion—deep com-
passion. Can any service demand it equal-
ly with ours? Are any sufferings of an
earthly life comparable to the sufferings of
the soul? Can any sight be so pitiable, so
deplorable, as that of a dependent creature
wandering through the paths of this dark
and miserable world without God, without
a Saviour, and without hope? Miserable
—most miserable now; ingulfed in end-
less misery hereafter. My brethren, if
you know what pity is, here is its object.
You cannot truly believe in his condition
without commiseration. You must help
him—must save him. Everything must
be done, everything must be risked, to secure
his good opinion and friendship, to secure
his salvation. You must exhort, rebuke,
persuade. Ye must be one with him; feel
for him; pray for him; weep over him;—
Yes, weep for him. For a man to weep
for himself—his own sufferings or losses—
were base and unmanly; but for a man, on
great occasions, to weep over the miseries
of others, is noble, is sublime. So David
wept; so Paul wept; and so Jesus wept!

And if, my brethren, many, more or
less, under our charge, remain, as too often
happens, month after month, year
after year, shutting their ears to the words
of life, and resisting, neglecting the great
salvation: becoming the worse, the more
hardened, and the more guilty, for all our
instruction, prayers and entreaties; shall
we not weep for them? Can we see them,
perhaps our friends, our children, with
their breath in their nostrils, liable at any
instant to die; heaping up wrath against
the day of wrath; madly walking on the
precipices of destruction, insensible to the
liquid and eternal fires, which threaten to
overwhelm them at once, and forever; and
shall we not weep for them? Ah, earth
and heaven might weep at such a sight!

The Christian Sabbath.

Amid the many countless blessings
which a beneficent God has showered upon
ungrateful, sinful man, may be enumerated
the Christian Sabbath; and as such, were
fifty set apart by "Him" who rules the uni-
verse of matter and of mind. Six days,—
the Bible tells us, were consumed in the
great creation. Within that seemingly
short space of time what wonders were ac-
complished! At "His" command, order
and beauty sprang from chaos. One by
one, the sun, moon and stars moved into the
order assigned them in the skies of space.
The earth was clothed in robes of surpass-
ing beauty. Trees, herbs and flowers
decked its surface. Fish sported in the
mighty deep. The feathered songsters of
the air winged their first journey through
the skies, warbling their little notes of
praise in gratitude for their new existence.
Beasts moved upon the earth, in obedience
to the commands of God. Five days of toil
had passed away, but all was not as yet
complete. The crowning honor of His
work was done, when man stood forth, a
living soul, the lord of all. When this was
done, a voice from heaven, (twice God's own
voice,) pronounced it good. On the sev-
enth day, we are told, the great Jehovah
rested from his labors, and in commemora-
tion of that hallowed day, caused it to be
held in sacred reverence. What wonderful
providence was here displayed. Coeval
with creation, must there have been the ob-
servance of the Sabbath. Our great pro-
genitors before the fall, were doubtless em-
ployed in the cultivation and care of the
new made Paradise; and to them, the Sab-
bath was evidently a day of rest, not only,
but praise and gratitude to God. Not alone
for this must its observance be required,
but for the actual necessity of us all.

Man is so framed in his bodily, as well
as mental capacities, as to need some day
of rest from the varied toilsome pursuits of
life. Without the Sabbath, in which to
resuscitate the drooping energies of his na-
ture, miserable indeed would be his lot.

Were the Sabbath not to be recognized,
how soon would infidelity triumph in our
midst. The truth of this assertion has been
too fully proved to need farther demon-
stration. France in her dark and bloody days,
knew no day of rest. The altar remained
without a worshipper. Religion had no
admirers; for there was no time to think of
sacred things. Each day was well-nigh
the same, and one, in point of morality and
law; and who can wonder at the conse-
quences to which it inevitably led. 'Twas
worse than heathen degradation.

The observance of the Sabbath leads
men to know their fallen state; teaches
them their accountability as rational and
immortal beings, and brings them nearer to
a throne of grace. The mind, in its de-
stined sphere, is essentially immortal, and
needs some hallowed day like this, to ap-
proach its God, unencumbered by the vexa-
tions cares of life. As Christians, and as
the inheritors of the rich and abundant
blessings we enjoy, it becomes us, in a pec-
uliar manner, on the Sabbath day to unite
with one accord in prayers of gratitude
and praise to the author of them all. May
we not hope, then, for the early dawning
of that happy day, when an assembled world
shall regard it in its proper light; and from
every valley and mountain-top throughout
our country, and the world, shall ascend to
heaven, the prayers of millions of the hu-
man race, for so great a blessing as the
Sabbath day.—Christian Intelligencer.

The Thrilling Sermon.

An aged father in the church, who loved
to be edified by the sermons of each Sab-
bath, was much dissatisfied by the flashy,
exciting, unedifying preaching of his pas-
tor. But he was one of those choice spir-
its, who, not expecting perfection here be-
low, held his disquiet in the silence of his
breast. He did not seek to spread the con-
tention of fault-finding through the parish.
His sons, however, like a multitude of the
present day, loved to play with moonshine.
They were more fond of sound than sense.
No minister was half so smart as theirs.—
One Sabbath the old gentleman was com-
pelled to remain within doors in conse-
quence of feeble health; but he thought of
the sermon. His first inquiry, on the re-
turn of his son, was something as follows:
"What did Mr. ——— preach about to-
day?"

"Oh, we had a thrilling sermon," he re-
plied.
"What was the doctrine of the sermon?"
"Well—well—but it was one of the most
eloquent and thrilling sermons I ever
heard."
"But what did the preacher endeavor to
enforce? what particular object did he aim
to accomplish in his sermon?"
"Well—he show-ed—that—but I never
saw an audience so interested in a sermon
in my life. There was Mr. A——, who
always goes to sleep at meeting, and he was
wide awake through all the sermon."
The old gentleman remarked, that "such
thrilling sermons did him but little good."

He was right. A subject should have a
beginning, middle, and end—an object to
perform—a particular truth to be enforced,
and made so plain as not to be misunder-
stood—so that every hearer can tell what
the minister preached about.—Boston Re-
porter.

Gold of Earth and Heaven.

The great theme of the day seems to be
the gold of California. Vast numbers are
going out from every city through the land,
to dig their fortunes in that famed region.
Merchants are losing their clerks, sea-cap-
tains are compelled to give up their crews,
wives are parting with their husbands, and
all bound to the land of gold. The world
is crazy to be rich. "The root of all evil,"
she will have. But while a swarming host
are hurrying to that country to find gold, a
few wiser heads are going there to carry it.
It will be seen on the first page of this num-
ber that the Missionary Society has already
sent out its agents to bear to the poor and
distant in that region, the gold of heav-
en. Hundreds of poor beggarly souls are
dying for want of this. A host who are
now hastening from these shores have no
Bibles to carry, and many of the rest are
too crazy to think of taking them from their
 chests. Hence, the imperative necessity
of opening mines of truth on those shores.
This spirit of the world must be met by the
spirit of heaven. Earthly treasures must
be contrasted with the heavenly, to show
their comparatively little value. A remedy
must be provided for this desire of the
mind and heart. The church must go to
California with the world. The antidote
must accompany the bane. Then will the
gold mania come to an end, and men search
for truth—heaven's gold—as for "hid treas-
ure."—Bost. Rep.

Danger of Losing Heaven.

That many indulge the expectation of ev-
entually reaching heaven who will never en-
ter its holy gates, is rendered certain by the
word of infallible truth. Bitterly, though
eternally unavailing, will be their disap-
pointment. This sentiment is well illus-
trated by the following extract from Cheever's
Lectures on Pilgrim's Progress:

In nothing else in this world do men act
on the principle of expecting to obtain val-
uable acquisitions without labor and self-
denial. If there be any great thing to be
gained in life, all men are sure that it is
going to cost great effort; nor is it a light
thing that will turn them aside. They will
go up a hill. Difficulty without drinking at
any spring but that of their own sanguine
expectation, and without deigning to rest in
any arbor by the way, much more without
losing time by sleeping in it.

And if there be lions in the way, they
will go to them at once; yea, if a loaded
cannon stood in their path, and a bag of
gold beyond it, or the cup of sinful pleas-
ure, they would go on. If there be moun-
tains which they cannot overtop, they will
suffer days of weariness, and nights of pain,
they will make long pilgrimages, will ex-
patriate themselves for years, and suffer ban-
ishment from families, friends, firesides, in-
to strange lanes, will cross oceans, and en-
counter perils of every name and shape, to
accomplish and realize the object of their
earthly ambition; and after all, what is it?
A dream, a straw, a bubble, a flake of foam
on the surface of a river. They pluck it,
it is gone, and they are gone with it.—
While they snatch at it, they pass into eter-
nity, and death finishes their plans fore-
ever.

Fear of Baptists.

We miss now from our public meetings,
Elders Williams and Peck, also the vena-
ble form and the suppressed and earnest
tones of the late Secretary of the Foreign
Mission. These men were fond of their
anecdotes, Father Peck especially.—I
shall never forget the account he used to
give of Rev. Ezekiah Smith's first visit
to Haverhill. There were no Baptists there
then, or none that dared show themselves.
Smith made his first appearance in a con-
vention of Congregational ministers, and
was taken for one of their own number.—
He was appointed to preach, and produced
a great impression. He preached again
next day, and crowds assembled to listen
to the new and popular Presbyterian min-
ister. Many were anxious to retain him
in Haverhill; they had never heard preach-
ing on this wise. It was whispered at length
that he belonged to the Baptist persuasion,

and the thermometer of public favor fell at
once to the freezing point. He must be
got rid of at all hazards. The sheriff was
sent for to warn him out of the town.—
Smith was a tall and noble looking man,
of a portly and commanding attitude, and
the poor officer was frightened—his hand
trembled so that he was unable to read
what was on the paper. "I warn you," said
the man of the law, with a tremulous and
hesitating voice, "off from God's earth."
Mr. Smith, who was agitated with neither
fear nor anger, nor a consciousness of be-
ing in the wrong, very pleasantly replied,
"My dear sir, where shall I go to?" "Go to
anywhere—to the Isle of Shoals, if you
please."—Neal's Address.

Principles to be Studied—Morals.

What ought to be done, can be done.
Demand only what is right; and in duty
to God, submit to nothing which is wrong.
A generation of boasters is never a gen-
eration of thinkers, still less of doers.

Moral Reform always begins with those
least needing it.
Whatever goes to deny moral obligation,
and to confound moral distinctions, is of
fatal bearing upon character, and proves an
effectual check upon the reformation.

To reform in the real and just sense is
to restore original order,—to bring man
back to his primitive model,—to induce him
to become what his maker intended him to
be, and to act in conformity with the great
principles or laws upon which his moral
constitution was framed; and that the re-
form may be genuine, and the reformer re-
tain his hold upon the public mind, he must
admit of no compromise; and discard the
idea that the least of two evils is to be cho-
sen, and the end sanctifies the means.

Reformations live only by aggressive and
onward movements.

Dr. Reese on Cholera.

Dr. Reese, in a recent communication
to the Com. Advertiser, notices the remark-
able fact that on board the ship New York
not one case of cholera occurred among
the German passengers, although the epi-
demic was prevailing at their own homes
when they left; while all the cases have
taken place among the passengers who came
from Paris but a few days before the ship
left Havre, when the cholera had not yet
appeared in France. This is another prob-
lem for the contagionists of the profession
to solve.

The Doctor further remarks that should
frost, that omnipotent destroyer of cholera
as well as of yellow fever, be providentially
sent to our rescue, the exemption of our
population from the dreaded epidemic will
be certain, at least until the Spring. For
whatever may be the experience of other
countries, no case of cholera ever existed
in the Western continent except in warm
weather, and its abrupt cessation on the
first frost was exemplified in 1832, from
the Canadas to New Orleans.
The prevalence and ravages of cholera
in Russia and some other countries in the
old world, in the winter, are explained by
the habits of the mass of the people there,
who live in hovels chiefly under ground,
eating, cooking and sleeping, for the most
part, in the same room, which is artificially
heated to a temperature equal to that of our
midsummer. So that the filthy condition
and impure air of their habitations, increas-
ed by their enormous fires, will account for
their exposure to the epidemic in Winter.
But in this country a similar state of things
nowhere exists; and hence cholera obeys
the same laws which govern yellow fever
—neither having ever appeared except in the
heat of summer, and both invariably
ceasing on the occurrence of frost.

Fresh Air.

The celebrated Dr. Darwin was so im-
pressed with the importance of a good air,
that, being very popular in the town of
Derby, once on a market day he mounted
a tub, and thus addressed the listening
crowd: "Ye men of Derby, fellow-citizens,
attend to me! I know you to be ingenious
and industrious mechanics. By your exert-
ions you procure for yourselves and fam-
ilies the necessities of life; but if you lose
your health, that power of use to them
must cease. This truth all of you know;
but I fear some of you do not understand
how health is to be maintained in vigor—
this then depends upon your breathing an
uncontaminated air; for the purity of the
air becomes destroyed where many are col-
lected together; the effluvia from the
body corrupts it. Keep open, then, the
windows of your work-shops, and as soon
as you rise open all the windows of your
bedrooms. Inattention to this advice, be
assured, will bring diseases on yourselves,
and engender among you the typhus fever,
which is only another name for putrid fever,
and which will carry off your wives and chil-
dren. Let me again repeat my serious
advice—open your windows to let in the
fresh air, at least, once a day. Remember
what I say; I speak now without a fee, and
can have no other interest but your good
in this my advice."—Journal of Health.

Strive to be as kind, forbearing, and for-
giving, as you can both to friends and foes.

Obituary.

DIED, at Lebanon, Nov. 24th, in the 29th
year of her age, Mrs. CAROLINE M. CHAM-
PLIN, wife of George Champlin, and daugh-
ter of Milton Hathaway, of Suffield, Conn.
Sister C. was the subject of early relig-
ious impressions. At the age of 15, she
indulged hope in the pardoning mercy of
God; and soon after made a public pro-
fession of her faith in Christ, by receiving
the seal of baptism and connecting herself
with the Second Baptist church of Suffield,
Ct., then under the pastoral charge of the
Rev. Nathan Wildman. Being naturally
amiable, and possessed of those traits of
character which mark a noble and generous
mind, religion threw around her new charms
and lent to every virtue a superior lustre.
In the various relations of daughter, wife,
and mother, she was the praise of all those
who do well. From the time of her first
espousal to Christ, to the time of her death,
sister C. maintained a consistent and ir-
reproachable Christian character.

As religion was her joy and song while
in health, so it was her glory and triumph
as she crossed the swellings of Jordan.

I was with her much of the time during
her short but painful illness, and never did
I witness so perfect a triumph. She was
not apprised of her danger until the day
previous to her departure, and when in-
formed that she must die, she received the
tidings with calmness and composure. The
strong language of her heart was, "I am not
afraid to die." Her beloved pastor com-
ing to her bed-side, she expressed to him
her willingness to depart and be with Christ.
By her request he prayed, and when he
closed, she, as if clothed with more than
mortal energy, raised her hands, and, with
a countenance beaming with a holy and
heavenly radiance, poured out her soul in
holy, fervent prayer; first commending
herself, then her dear companion and two
little girls, to the mercy and protection of
kind Heaven. With Christian confidence
she committed all to God. During the
intervals of severe paroxysms of pain, as long
as strength endured, she magnified the mer-
cy of God, and exhorted her friends to
meet her in Heaven.

On Sunday, the 26th, the mortal remains
of our sister were followed by a long train
of mourning friends to the resting place of
the dead, there to remain till the trump of
God shall awake the dust of slumbering
millions to life. In the afternoon a solemn
and affecting discourse was delivered, at the
B

owing to the difficulty of procuring water, the water-tower

John covers, can be sent by mail at a trifling expense for postage.

John covers, can be sent by mail at a trifling expense for postage.

Just published by GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, 95 Washington street, Boston, and sold by D. K. WOODFORD & CO., Hartford.

Books for the Season.

GEM OF THE SEASON, for 1849.

Book of Pearls,
The Rose Sharon,
Friendship's Offering,
The Snow Flake,
Christmas Blossoms,
Do, as I See,
The Amaranth,
Gems of Beauty,
The Ladies' Wreath,
The Christmas Tree,
Christmas Bazaar,

The Women of the Scriptures,
Rosary of Bible Illustrations.

Longfellow's Poetical Works, Illustrated,
Troyant's " " " "

sets of England and America
Large assortment of miniature volumes, book
&c. For sale by
BEUKNAP & HAMERSLEY,
No. 150 Main st.
Monthly Journal.
AND
Mother's

FAMILY appointed general agents
by the publisher, and

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ER & CO.

subscribers for it to forward their names to
 th. BROCKETT, FULLER & CO.,
 749 Main st.
 Agents of the State.
 Baptist Missionary Magazine.
 The next volume of the Magazine co-
 mes with the ensuing month—the former
 subscribers are invited to renew their subscriptions, and
 new subscribers to enter their names at the store of
 BROCKETT, FULLER & CO.,
 Agents of the State.

No. 141 Nassau Street, New York.

No. 141 Nassau Street, New York.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP AND BAPTISM.
 By Rev. Charles Stovel. 8vo—price \$1.25.

**THE DREADFUL REQUISITION, or a treatise on the
 righteousness of God in punishing the neglect of souls
 by the same author.** 18mo—price 30 cts.

THE BAPTISMAL REGENERATION CONTROVERSY con-

By the same author. 8vo—75 cts.
 If any of our friends have been accustomed to regard
 doabaptism as a harmless error, a perusal of this vol-
 ume is adapted to undeceive them.—*English Baptist*
Magazine.
 HEREDITARY CLAIMS to the Covenant of Grace con-
 sidered and rejected. By the same author. 12mo—
 10 cts.
 A great variety of standard English books, at very
 low prices. EDWARD H. FLETCHER,
 141 Nassau st., New York.

"NO CURE, NO PAY."

"NO CURE, NO PAY."

It is deemed unnecessary in such an advertisement as this, to offer any comments upon Cancerous Affections, or say more than what every writer has repeatedly informed the world—that Cancers and assimilated affections are diseases, over which medicine and

tedly informed the world—that Cancers and assumed affections are diseases, over which medicine and surgical operations have but little, if any permanent influence.

The declaration of warrantee, or no cure, no pay, and carry on the face of it the greatest absurdity and folly, were not the person able to make good his promise. No pay is required until a cure is established by the most cautious and reserved means consisting of this argument the very best that could possibly be made to the patient. What fairer propositions could he wish desire?

He undersigned claims no professional title—he has been educated only in the school of experience. in this

profession, broadcast, throughout the length and breadth of the land, to attempt a trial of merit with him in the treatment of this *dangerous disease*.

profession, broadcast, throughout the length and
adth of the land, to attempt a trial of merit with him
he treatment of this *dangerous disease*.
He now intends to establish himself permanently in
city of Hartford, Ct., and to issue a series of certifi-
es of cures at different times, in the public journals
ough the country—not *fictitious*, but *certificates of*
e that have a *name and a place*; and he earnestly

es of eludes at different times, in the public journals
of the country—of fiction, of the catalogue of
things that have a name and a place; and he earnestly
wishes those who may contemplate placing themselves
under his care, to address the signers of these creden-
tials for additional information. Inquire at the "Amer-
ican Hotel" for
WILLIAM H. NORRIS,
Attorney at Law,
and
Postmaster.

Certificate from the Editor of the Chickopee Tele-
graph, Coboville, Mass.

We are aware of the many impositions upon the pub-
lic empires, who put forth their grand specifics for
signifying immortality, supported by an array of signa-
tures of persons who perhaps never had an existence;

their guard in whose hand they risk their lives and health. Among the various diseases to which we are exposed, none perhaps is more appalling, and none less

their guard in whose hand they risk their lives and health. Among the various diseases to which we are liable, none perhaps is more appalling, and none has defied the skill of the faculty, more than that of the cancer: yet it can be cured.

Having had a protuberance under our right eye, which gave us some trouble, and caused much alarm in the minds of our friends, we were induced to consult Mr.

having had a profluency and during the day, which was some time, I was unable to walk. I was one of our friends, we were induced to consult Mr. H. Norris, from Philadelphia, who was attending many severe cases in our village. He exhibited many efficacies of cure, from persons well known by us, and of the first respectability. This gave us confidence, and we set him to work. In less than a week, the tumor was applied to, the tumor was destroyed; and in a few over two weeks, the place was entirely healed, and to all appearance a radical cure had been effected. This was accomplished without any pain, word of being named. By neglect, or mal-treatment, we do not doubt that the disease might have been rendered incurable by Mr. Norris or any other

erous tumors, to have them eradicated immediately, if the cure may be sure, permanent and cheap.

whereby certify that I have had upon my left cheek, tumor, ever since I was a small child. Within the two years, it had extended considerably, and grew

mor, ever since I was a small child. Within the two years, it had extended considerably, and grew foul. I had applied to several different physicians, but the sore grew worse under their treatment. As I was finally told by a friend that the disease was incurable, I was greatly alarmed on. As I had heard of Mr. Wm. Morris, of Philadelphia, I was induced to apply to him for relief; and now have the profound and grateful satisfaction to say that under his treatment I have been the course of about five weeks perfectly cured.

J. BRADY, CORN.

W. H. H. MORRIS—Dear Sir— I would ever view and of God in dispensing mercies; and would most fully acknowledge you as the instrument in his

which had troubled me for seventeen years. In the same time, I underwent a painful surgical operation, was only relieved for a brief period. Being now

which had troubled me for seventeen years. In the
time, I underwent a painful surgical operation,
was only relieved for a brief period. Being now
cured of that most dreaded disease, I feel due
to you and the public, that I recommend to your kind
and skill all who may be similarly afflicted, know-
ing I do your method to be sure, safe, and performed

and skill all who may be similarly afflicted, know-
ing I do your method to be sure, safe, and performed
without pain.

Yours affectionately, **SILAS MORRAN.**

For Those interested in these advertisements, are
regularly requested to refer to the following persons
who have been cured by me; and who would experi-
ence a heartfelt satisfaction in declaring these facts
to all concerned. They will be published in due time:

Thurine Bierber, of Berks co., Pennsylvania, cured
Cancer of 14 years standing; Sarahann Beck,
of Wood and Fifth sts. Philadelphia, cured of one
year standing; Joseph Gilpin, of Kentmere, on

rs Cooper, Esq., No. 210 North Front st. Phila.;
nson Tyndale, of No. 12 North Third st. Phila;
d of Cancer of over 20 years standing; Samuel G.

Cooper, Esq. No. 210 North Front st. Phila.;
 nson Tyndale, of No. 12 North Third st. Phila.;
 id of Cancer over 20 years standing; Samuel G.
 rn, Senator in the Legislature of Maryland, Mil-
 on, Kent county, Md., cured of a dangerous Can-
 er over 20 years standing.

Shelton, extensively known in Moyamensing, Phila., cured of a dangerous Cancer existing on the lower lip for several years; John Roberts, of Bu-
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ing, of Germantown, near Philadelphia, cured in 1871.
 of Cancer; Joseph C. Miller, of Little Britain,
 Pa., cured of a Cancer near the jugular
 vein, in 1872.

ng, of Germantown, near Phila., cured of a Cancer near the jugular
artery; Joseph C. Miller, of Little Britain,
Pa., cured of a Cancer near the jugular
of eight years' standing; Catharine Bailey, of
87 St. John st., Phila., for more than ten years
sorely afflicted with an inveterate Cancer on the
during which time had several surgical opera-
performed, which gave only temporary relief,

Norris would add, he has several hundred cases of similar purport and character, which have been forwarded to him by patients, "and wish the urgent statement that they should be published, for the benefit of others. They are uniformly said, 'publish this to our consolation.' I will not, and refer all interested inquir-



Poetry.

The Beatific Vision.

BY MISS BULMER.

"The nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it."—Rev. xxi. 24.
 "Not the glitter and glory; not the diamond and topaz; no, it is God: he is all in all."—Rich'd Watson.

"Walk in that light!"—O! who are they
 Whose feet shall tread that shining way?
 Whose sight, undazzled, shall behold
 That pavement of transparent gold?
 By angels welcom'd, who, O! who
 Shall pass those pearly portals through,
 And brighten in the glorious blaze
 Of that gemm'd city's sparkling rays?

There walk the saved; but not in light
 Of suns in seven-fold lustre bright;
 Nor peerless moonbeams' silent sheen,
 Reposing, soft, on velvet green:
 No! nor where hallow'd radiance spreads,
 From golden lamps, o'er sainted heads,
 Within the temple ceaseless fount,
 While walk the hours their silent round.

There walk the saved: yes! they who bore,
 While traversing life's stormy shore,
 Through tears and blood, the hallow'd cross;
 Who, purged from earth's terrestrial dross,
 Received the Saviour's form impress'd,
 Whose signal, on each hallow'd breast
 Enstamp'd the mystic name, unknown
 To all but those around the throne:

Who, calm 'midst earth's tumultuous strife,
 Drew from himself that inward life
 Which spirits breathe, from sense apart;
 While, deep in each devoted heart,
 The formless glory dwelt serene,
 Of old in cherub splendor seen,
 Prelude of bliss reserv'd above,
 In perfect light, for perfect love.

Now, all is heaven! no temple there
 Unfolds its gates; no voice of prayer
 From that bright multitude ascends;
 But holy rapture, reverent, bends
 Before the mediatorial throne;
 Before the Lamb! whose beams alone
 Irradiate that eternal sky:
 The bursting blaze of Deity!

Soft is the voice of golden lutes;
 Soft bloom heaven's fair ambrosial fruits;
 Bright beams the dazzling lustre shed
 From radiant gems in order spread,
 From golden streets, from emerald floors,
 From crystal fountains, and pearly shores,
 From rainbow tints, from angels' wings,
 And all unutter'd glorious things.

Yet not that city's dazzling glow,
 Nor limpid waters' crystal flow,
 Nor dulcet harmony, that springs
 From golden lyres, nor angels' wings,
 Though glit'ring with interest dyes,
 Reflected from immortal skies,
 Completes the palmy bliss of those
 On whom heaven's pearly portals close.

No! 'tis with unflin'd eyes, to see
 The once incarnate Deity,
 Who still, in lamb-like meekness, bears,
 Imprinted deep, those glorious scars
 Where issued wide that crimson flow
 In which their robes were wash'd below,
 Which bough that crown whose splendor bright
 Now spheres them in a world of light!

No! 'tis not all that heaven can show
 Of great or fair, unguil'd below;
 Nor converse deep with spirits high,
 Who saw those vollied lightnings fly
 Which scathed their bright compeers in bliss,
 And hurl'd them down to hell's abyss;
 Who mark'd creation rise sublime,
 And hymn'd the early birth of time:

No! not with minds like these to blend,
 And feel each angel-form a friend;
 But, gone, their fount, to know and see;
 From all-perceiving Deity
 To catch the nearer beat of light;
 To gain the beatific sight;
 Entranced in glory's peerless blaze,
 Conform'd to Him, on Him to gaze.

Religious & Moral.

For the Christian Secretary.

Life and Times of Tacitus.

Concerning the personal history of many illustrious men, whose names adorn the annals of Literature, very little is known. They lived and died in obscurity; with no friendly hand to record their deeds; or the wasting tooth of time has destroyed the works in which their memories were embalmed. This, to us their posterity, is a source of regret. We wish to know more of Homer than that he was the blind bard of Scio; of Shakespeare, than that Sir Thomas Lucy accused him of stealing deer; of Milton, than that domestic trials assailed him. We wish to know of their childhood and youth, of the scenery with which they were familiar, of the companions with whom they sported, of the instructions which they received, and in short, of the various influences which combined to mould and develop their character. Thus furnished, we are prepared to enter upon the study of their works, and trace the results of early impressions. Thus we add to our knowledge of human nature, and gain new materials for improvement. But when, aside from their productions, we have nothing but the feeble and flickering light of tradition to guide us, and when of this even, the rays have been refracted and absorbed through the medium of intervening ages, we must grope our way as best we can.—We must substitute conjectures for facts; and often be met with social and moral phenomena, for which we have no means of accounting.

Such are some of the perplexities and embarrassments which meet us in studying the life and character of the Roman historian Tacitus. We know indeed that his name was Caius Cornelius Tacitus; that he was probably born in the early part of Nero's reign, between the years 60 and 63 of our Lord. We conjecture that he was not educated at Marseilles, but at Rome, and perhaps attended the lectures of Quintilian. It may be that this celebrated Roman

historian referred to him when he said,—"there is another person who gives additional lustre to the age; a man who will deserve the admiration of posterity. I do not mention him at present, his name will be known hereafter." We know that he married the accomplished daughter of Agricola; and presume that he made a happy choice. We are told that he was distinguished for his manly eloquence at the bar; and very much attached to Pliny the younger. We suppose that he discharged the offices of quæstor, tribune, and ædile, because he is known to have been prætor; and the system of Augustus required these offices as preliminary steps to the prætorship. We would venture to presume that, because there is no complaint against him, he was active, faithful, and zealous in his political career, did we dare to believe, that such an officer could retain his post under the sullen, sanguinary, vindictive, suspicious, and inhuman Domitian. We also know what he did for Literature. The time of his death is uncertain; but it is supposed to have been in the reign of Trajan. Such is the scanty record of the life of the best of Roman historians. In his works, however, he yet lives, and will continue to live, while history is cherished, and literary merit respected.

It seems almost miraculous that such an age should have produced such a man as Tacitus. That purity of character, lofty patriotism, unyielding virtue, and heroic firmness which characterized the early days of the Republic was no more. Corruption had stealthily crept in, diffused itself throughout the State, and Rome, like a man thro' whose system the fatal poison is spreading, was rapidly hastening to a melancholy end. She had her temples, her altars, and her priests; but all respect for her gods was lost. Her religion, impure and earthly as it was, had once restrained the passions, and bound the citizen to what was just and right. But now, no law, human or divine, could hold in allegiance ruler or people. A contemptible and base philosophy, made worse by a licentious and atheistic multitude; an emperor whose delight was to play the clown upon the stage, and drive chariots about the city; who would hire a band of youth to applaud his follies, set fire to his capital, and dance in sight of the flames; who murdered alike friend or foe, the unoffending philosopher, or the witless poet, the grey-haired senator, or the innocent babe, as his caprice dictated; a court the veriest slaves of the monster's bidding to-day, to-morrow plotting his overthrow; a people who sought only for luxury and amusement and sensuality, surely afforded a spectacle at which humanity blushes, and which she would gladly conceal. Yet such was Rome at the birth of Tacitus, under the reign of Nero. His moral condition Paul has well described in those emphatic words, "without hope and without God." We wonder how it was that the historian passed his boyhood uncontaminated in such an age. But we can only conjecture. In the noble, virtuous, and amiable Agricola, Tacitus sees the fruit of a mother's instruction and care. Perchance he too had enjoyed the training of a virtuous mother; and could well appreciate its genial influence. Here and there too, perhaps, was found a man who still adhered to his integrity, and amidst the surrounding corruption preserved a character comparatively spotless. With such an one, it might have been the good fortune of Tacitus to associate.

From the moral we turn to the political condition of Rome. The Senate still existed, yet it was but a name. It had lost its power, its independence, and its spirit; and now obsequiously bowed to the will of the emperor. The meetings of the comitia to sanction laws and elect magistrates, had become an empty form. The only remnant of the popular part of the constitution was the voice of the soldiers, who enthroned emperors as they chose. The only qualification they usually sought was liberality in donations to them. The code of laws, that "monumentum ære perennius" of Roman mind, was sadly disfigured by the odious page which contained the imperial law of treason. Not only was it treason to attempt the emperor's life, or levy war against him, but even to say or do anything which could in any manner be construed into disrespect to him. "It was treasonable," says Dr. Arnold, "to consult astrologers as to the fate of the emperor; to melt down or sell a statue of an emperor who had been deified; to take the head off from it; to scourge a slave, or to undress close to it, with some other things so monstrous, that if they did not rest on good contemporary testimony, we should reject them as utterly incredible." This law bred an odious race of informers, who abused the confidence of private intercourse, trampled upon the privileges of the social circle, and made the very name of justice unpopular. Thus was the Roman state, which had withstood the shock of ages, survived the wreck of surrounding nations, and extended its authority over the known world, groaning under the ponderous weight of despotism, injustice and cruelty. Yet her laws were not entirely destroyed. Though the higher duties of a statesman were neglected, or too dangerous to be sought after, yet those of the lawyer were fulfilled in an enlightened spirit, and talents and integrity turned to improve this field, which alone was open to their exertions. Here we find Tacitus conspicuous for his talents and virtues, and emulating the wisdom of better times.

The golden age of Roman literature had passed away. The luxury and licentiousness of the times; the loss of that manly and independent spirit which dwelt in the bosoms of the earlier Romans, and the comparative indifference with which the yoke of servitude was worn, show that Rome was ill fitted to nourish a healthy literature. There could be but little mental activity. The people were too indolent to care for original research, or for adding to the stock of knowledge by original observation. Pliny the elder, indeed displayed a thirst for knowledge, and a commendable zeal in searching the great book of nature. But he was a splendid exception to the spirit of the age. Posterity were content to read his writings, without attempting to imitate his example.—None seemed disposed to throw off the mental imbecility and helplessness of the age, and follow in his footsteps. Facts, whether physical or moral, nourish the mind, increase its vigor, and accumulating in each successive age, furnish the means of indefinite progress. But the changes on words and sentiments are soon exhausted. The happiest combinations are usually seized upon by the early writers, and nothing is left to their successors but imitation, and consequent inferiority. It is very easy therefore, to account for the decay of literature at Rome.

A luxurious age generates a luxurious style of composition. Perspicuity, grace and simplicity are laid aside, for pompous obscurity, servile affectation, and meretricious ornament. The neat, plain and natural, will not satisfy the dainty taste of a literary epicure. He seeks the stimulants and seasonings, not the good wholesome thought. It is also to be borne in mind that books were hitherto, not read by the great mass of people in the empire.—This would tend to make a florid style still more florid, until antithesis, point and brilliant conceit alone would be endured. The sophists of Greece, the professors of Rhetoric at Rome, pretended indeed to teach the principles of attic eloquence; but they, so far from laboring to purify and elevate the popular taste, only fostered these false notions, and spread the mischief still wider. Quintilian, however, manfully opposed them, and for twenty years taught the rules of true eloquence. It is probable that Tacitus attended upon his instructions, and imbibed his doctrines.

With Domitian as emperor, literature could never flourish. To write a book in his day was to rush upon the sword of the executioner. Nor did he, as Tacitus tells us, vent his rage on authors alone; but burned their books even, that no vestiges of good men might remain. "Thus," says the historian, "he thought to annihilate the liberty of the Senate, and the knowledge of the human race, banish all teachers from his realm, drive away useful art into exile, and prevent anything honorable from taking place." Well was it for the world, that the career of this monster was cut short ere Tacitus was no more. The reigns of Nero and Trajan allowed him an opportunity of giving to the world his works. That in such an age, Tacitus should have risen to a rank not inferior to the best historians of Greece and Rome, seems not a little remarkable. That he should have passed his life in the midst of corruption and vice, and yet escape the contagion, seems miraculous. That he should escape the bloody hand of merciless despotism, without sacrificing his integrity, affords a striking illustration of the respect which virtue commands from vice itself. In his own language, "a black and evil period lay before him. The age was sunk to the lowest depths of sordid adulation, inasmuch that not only the most illustrious citizens, in order to secure themselves, were obliged to crouch in bondage; but even men of consular and pretorian rank, yet the whole senate, were emulous to show who should be the most obsequious slave." Yet he shrinks not from a manly avowal of his feelings. In the language of another, "a profound judge of men, and a severe judge of their manners, he has delineated with the pencil of a master, the characters and the very inward frame of the vile and profligate, while the good and upright receive in his immortal page, the recompense due to their virtue. He ever tries to be candid and impartial; and while on the one hand he would not flatter vice, on the other he would avoid any malicious and extravagant representations concerning it. Towards the Christians indeed, he seems hostile; and yet he bears honorable testimony to the uprightness of their conduct. For a man wedded to heathen philosophy, and living in an age of intolerance and persecution, he seems remarkably candid towards them, though he scorns their doctrines. And while we lament his disposition to reject and despise the gospel, we cannot but admire his uniform candor, in treating of the characters of all concerning whom he wrote. If he has not in every instance reached what he aimed at, he has only failed in common with almost every historian.

As a writer, Tacitus is distinguished for brevity, vigor, and comprehensiveness. He is sparing of words, but lavish of sentiment. He was evidently a close and profound thinker. Livy pictures to admiration the excited multitude, as they gather together to overthrow the cruel Appius; Tacitus delineates with inimitable skill, the dissimulating, deep-laid policy, and dark, sullen, ferocious temper of Tiberius. Livy is the painter, who draws the landscape; Tacitus is the sculptor, who gives the living expression to the marble statue. Livy looked at the actions of the man; Tacitus detected the motives, passions, and impulses which prompted them. The portions of his history which have come down to us, are of great value, and most fearfully illustrate the inefficiency of any of man's devices to stay the progress of depravity.

Let it be your sole business here to prepare for eternity. Consider every moment of time in that view.

Strive to recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

The Salt Lake of the Rocky Mountains.

On one of the southern spurs of the Rocky Mountains, there is a valley full of geological wonders and curiosities, and is at present surrounded with a romantic interest, as being the place where that strange people, the Mormons, have taken up their residence. It is well known that a peculiar religion founded in the enthusiastic nature of a great number of men and women of all nations, separated the Mormons from all other people in the State of Illinois, where they once had a flourishing colony. It is also well known that persecution on the one hand and bigoted religious feeling on the other, expelled the Mormons from the borders of our Republic. Taking up their march like the Israelites of old, they have become dwellers in a strange land.—Wandering forth from the United States, they took up their line of march for the far West, and a portion of them have settled in the valley of California, in which there is a lake of salt water, so salt that it is impossible for a man to sink himself above the arm-pits, and after bathing there while and drying himself, he will be encrusted over. Into this lake there empties a fresh water river, cold and sparkling from the Snow Mountains, and which the Mormons have named the Jordan, in striking coincidence of that river flowing into the Dead Sea. There is no rain in that region, and the land is watered by turning the cooling brooks from their "water courses," among the fields. They have no need of ice-houses, as they dwell only four miles from the region of snow, and the water does not get warm before it is dancing at their doors. There are also hot springs on the mountain, boiling hot continually, thus indicating subterranean fires which will one day banish the Mormons from that land by a far fiercer tempest than that which smothered them from our midst. The hot waters rush out in great volumes. The water has a sulphurous smell, but is of a clear blue color, and the people go there to bathe for various diseases. There are but few natural fruits in the valley, but the soil will bring forth an abundance by good cultivation, and there the strange Mormon may enjoy the fruit of his toil in peace, if he be peaceful himself. From this religious outcast Saxon race there will spring a stock which, in the course of two centuries, will be found to possess none of the characteristics of their forefathers. Religion and climate produce strange mutations in the physical and mental economy of men.—Scientific Am.

The Mother's Lesson.
 A mother sitting in her parlor, overheard her child, whom her sister was dressing, say repeatedly, "No, I don't want to say my prayers; I don't want to say my prayers." "Mother," said the child, appearing at the parlor door.

"Good morning, my child."
 "I am going to get my breakfast."
 "Stop a minute, I want you to come and see me first."

The mother laid down her work on the next chair, as the boy ran to her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backward and forward—"Are you pretty well this morning?" said she in a kind and gentle tone.
 "Yes, mother, I am very well."
 "I am glad you are well. I am well too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me."

"Did you?" said the boy in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at its work.
 "Did you ever feel my pulse?" asked his mother, after a minute of silence, taking the boy down and sitting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.
 "No, but I have felt mine."

"Well, don't you feel mine, now—how it goes beating?"
 "Yes," said the child.
 "If it should stop beating I should die."
 "Should you?"
 "Yes—I can't keep it beating."

"Who can?"
 "God." A silence. "You have a pulse, too, which beats here in your bosom, in your arm, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?"
 "I don't know," said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued.
 "So, when I waked this morning, I thought I'd ask God to take care of me, and all of us."

"Did you ask him to take care of me?"
 "No."
 "Why not?"
 "Because I thought you would ask him yourself."

A long pause ensued—the deep and thoughtful expression of his countenance showed that his heart was reached.
 "Don't you think you had better ask him yourself?"
 "Yes," said the boy readily.
 He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his simple and broken language a prayer for the protection of Heaven.

To Boys and Girls.
 Never tell a whole lie, or a half a lie, or quarter of a lie, or any part of a lie. Many boys who know well enough what a sneaking, dirty thing it is to tell a lie, will yet twist the truth, or deceive a little bit. This is about as bad—and a good deal more cowardly than a plump falsehood. If a boy does something wrong, either through ignorance, carelessness, or accident—and then tells one half truth, and one half lie about it—he might almost as well have told the whole untruth, that he didn't do it at all. Now see how the spirited, manly, true-hearted, clear-tongued boy will do, after an error: he resolutely determines to acknowledge it, without being afraid of anybody's anger—to tell it just as it was. I never in my life knew any one to be injured by telling the truth in this way; but I have seen many a boy, and man, too, who was looked upon with contempt, and thought poorly of, because he would tell sneaking lies, or half lies, or quarter lies. The worst sort of untruths—those which are deliberately made up—stories about people—or little stories magnified into big ones—prove the teller of them to be a most worthless, impure and mean person. The liar is indeed despicable to both God and good men. On the other hand, nothing is more beautiful than a strictly truth-telling young person—one who never varies from the truth, who is open, candid, and above deceit. To become so, a boy should strive hard—should determine to become so.—Besides, it is so very easy always to speak the truth—and so very hard to arrange a plausible falsehood—which even then will in all likelihood be found out nineteen times out of twenty.

COMFORT OF CHILDREN.—Call not that man wretched, who whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbors, and his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal's eye.—Coleridge.

DISCOVERY IN MISSISSIPPI.—In the South-western part of Franklin county, Mississippi, there is a platform or floor of hewn stone, neatly polished, some three feet under ground. It is about one hundred and eighty feet long, and eighty feet wide. It extends due North and South, and its surface is perfectly level. The masonry is said to be equal, if not superior, to any work of modern times. The land above it is cultivated, but thirty years ago it was covered with oak and pine trees measuring from two to three feet in diameter. It is evidently of very remote antiquity, as the Indians who reside in the neighborhood had no knowledge of its existence previous to its recent discovery. Nor is there any tradition among them to form any idea of the object of the work, or the people who were its builders. There is also a canal and well connected with it, but they never have been explored. A subterranean passage may be underneath. Further explorations may throw some light upon its origin.

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge is not a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and veritable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon, or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.—Lord Bacon.

Youth is not like a new garment which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing it sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will fast wear away.—John Foster.

All pleasure must be bought at the price of pain; the difference between false pleasure and true is just this: for the true the price is paid before you enjoy it—for the false, after you enjoy it.—John Foster.

We seek advice from others, oftentimes, not because we do not know what we ought to do, but because we do know, and we seek in our advisers a help for a weak will.—Richter.

A Good Action.—There is something so great in a simple good action, that the man, who, in his whole life, has performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

A Hindoo law says, "strike not even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a thousand faults."

Wordsworth says, language is not the dress, but the incarnation of thought.

Never speak evil of any one, on pretence whatever.

Let your rule of conduct be frugality, temperance, modesty, and economy!

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 He will continue to furnish to individuals and the trade Standard Theological and Miscellaneous Works. Also, STATIONERY, SCHOOL and BLANK BOOKS, on the most favorable terms.
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WILLIAM CONNER, Secretary.
 Hartford, Jan. 1847.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
 INCORPORATED in 1819, for the purpose of insuring against loss and damage by Fire only; Capital \$250,000. The Company have the best possible rates—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices. The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore is not affected by the capital not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The Office of the Company is kept in their new Building, next west of Treat's Exchange Coffee House, State street, where constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.
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Terms.

Subscribers in the city, furnish at Two Dollars per annum. Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, with a discount of twelve and agents becoming responsible for Advertisements inserted at the advertising in this city. All communications intended to be addressed to BURR & SMITH.

For the Christian Secretary.

Stonington—Churches—Pastors—Church debts—Religious grave of Eld. A. Miner &c.

The town of Stonington, a few years since—when divi inhabitants two—"Post Office one; which are known as—"Stonington North"—permit a few remarks.

Stonington is peculiarly with the travelling public, where they leave the cars for Boston to New York they take the cars to Boston "Gotham." It is distinguished "History of Conn." as "the war of 1814; also for general rebut the English met.

Stonington is a place of—every man appears to be do; here are Mechanics, Agents—here may be found and ingenuity, and like most the same elements of character be found, with all their own and women.

In this place there are two churches; the first under the care of Rev. A. G. PALMER in a state of pruning, and being a state of prosperity. The colored; Rev. L. BLACK church was organized since, at which time they only—the Holy Spirit has been in the conviction and conversion and they now number twelve field here opening is exceeding; they find their walls the accommodation of the rush to hear "the word" they are now making an effort—to extend their borders. one well worthy the patronage of the *Missionary Society*; want of help, and should be fact that she makes every herself. Besides these two is a Methodist, a Congregational, Episcopalian in this place, believe are fee-total church single exception.

If you will pass with me part of the town, about six miles will enter a small, but as beautiful as can be found in the of the "nutmeg state,"—"Milltown." There are in churches, one Baptist, the national. Rev. D. H. MILLER Baptist church. As a token for each other, these two churches officiating alternately—how pleasant a thing it is to dwell together in unity!"

There are three Baptists—"North Stonington." The one "Pendleton Hill," about of "Milltown." This church, founded in 1743, and occupies in the early history of the "ion Association." This church, destitute of an under shepherd year—the people are not yet—who will be that good minister Christ to break to them the year to come!

The Second church is founded from the first, and two from an easterly direction. This constituted 1793; Rev. The is their present pastor. The churches in this quarter, during the present, become famous for their church. The minister scarcely has acquainted with the inhabitants channels of approach to individuals—than, from stating and singularly unusual, some, he deems it expedient to solve his connection